

Chapter 649

"I'm more than capable of taking care of myself, Dante." Mila pulled away, walking unwaveringly towards the cushioned area to sink gracefully onto them.

It always amazed him to watch her interact with her surroundings. No one on the outside looking in would ever know that this frail, beautiful woman was blind in the conventional sense. Abraham had saved her from certain death, when disease had ravished her weakened body, turning her to the life of a vampire after her father had begged for her life. Mila had survived, however, her normal sight hadn't returned after the change. Instead, she had developed a new way of seeing, an ability to sense her surroundings by sound and vibrations.

If she encountered a moving object, that object transmitted itself to her mind in the form of a picture, her vision as clear in that 'snapped' moment as if she still had her sight. Her blindness had also morphed into something else, the ability to See future moments, though they had to be quite catastrophic before a Vision came to her.

Of all the people he had come across in his long life, Mila's abilities were the most unique and fascinating of them. They had spent many long hours discussing what she could do, trying to decipher how her talents had come about, but had never been able to come up with any kind of answers. Mila was simply Mila, the one person he treasured most in his world.

Dante loved her though he had never spoken of his feelings. He had no right to love or happy-ever-afters, not after the life he had led before being turned to a vampire. His history was strewn with blood and carnage, his self-righteous piousness being the cause of untold deaths. No, he didn't deserve forgiveness or happiness, but he would bask in the beauty of his love for however long she allowed him to accompany her.

Smiling sadly, he followed Mila down to the cushions, bracing an arm behind her so she could rest her head on his shoulders. "I know you don't need my protection," he belatedly answered her. "But I give it none the less."**w©W.ÑrVeℓŴôRm.cm**

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"I know, and I am grateful for that, more than I can ever say." Mila sighed, closing her eyes to enjoy the companionable silence that often surrounded them. It was so soothing to sit quietly, savouring each other's company as they mulled over their own thoughts.

For a long moment, the only sound in the cave was their shared breathing, and then Mila shivered and sat up straight, concern shadowing her exquisite features. "Something bad is coming," she whispered, her voice shaking as the words breathed out. "Something terrible is on the horizon, blinded by the sunlight so I can't see what it is."

Dante shivered at the words, wrapping his arms around Mila protectively. His hand stroked soothing down her arm. "Can you see anything else?" He couldn't keep the concern out of his voice.

"It's so dark, so cold. Death...head to tail in black." A sob escaped Mila as her shivering increased. "The world will swim in blood as the Justice Seeker wreaks havoc. There will be nowhere to hide, nowhere to run."

"Who is it, Mila? Try to see their face."

"Burning orbs...fire in their depths. Madness...depravity...a soul lost to grief. One so young, so lost, so full of unimaginable pain." Mila swallowed another loud sob, her shivering beginning to lessen as her sightless eyes stared off into the distance. "There is hope though; there is one who can reach the Justice Seeker. We must find her, Dante, and quickly, before everything we know is coated in blood."

As quickly as the Vision happened, it vanished and Mila sagged against him. Dante held her secure in his arms, kissing the top of her head as she took a few moments to come back to herself. "It's over, sweetness. You're safe here with me."

"Such rage, Dante," she whispered. "So much pain. I don't know if we'll be able to withstand his fury when he comes. If we can find the girl in time, we may have a chance."

Her words filled him with dread but he tried to hide his disquiet. This was the strongest Vision Mila had ever had, the most detailed one he could remember. It meant that whatever was coming their way was something they had never encountered before. Something so dangerous it could be the end of all of them.

"Who is the girl? Did you see her clearly?" It was important to get as much detail as possible after a Vision.

Mila nodded though her expression turned puzzled. "She is a waif, a human stray, young...just turned to womanhood. She is pretty, but hides behind thick glasses. Oh, she has such beautiful hair, long to her waist, the deepest brown with flecks of blonde highlights. The girl is graceless despite her beauty, awkward. She obscures her body in jeans and a T-shirt, using one of those hoodle things to hide her face.

Mila stiffened again, her eyes going wide with surprise. "She lives with wolves, Dante, though she is not of their pack."

"Shit!" he groaned at the news, his concern increasing. "We can't get close to any of the wolf packs here, Mila. How are we supposed to get to the girl if she's protected by Weres?"

"We can't," she answered after a long moment. "However, we can guide him to her once we discover where she is. I will start tracking the local packs to see if I can pick up any sign of her. We still have a little time."

Dante turned her around to face him, his eyes searching her features. He could see the stubborn set of her mouth and knew she had made up her mind already. That didn't stop him from speaking. "You know I don't like it when you go out on your own. I will do the investigating."

"We don't have time for you to divide your efforts...or to be so overprotective," Mila smiled reaching up to stroke his cheek. "You need to be focused on what's going on in the covens, Dante. Let me take care of the wolves."

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He wanted to argue more, but knew it would be useless. When his Mila got that set look on her face...well that was one of the reasons he loved her so much. She refused to be a victim; she refused to accept that her lack of conventional vision limited her in any way. She was frail in appearance but so strong in will. She was his beautiful lady and always would

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"Very well," he sighed, resting his forehead against hers. "Just don't do anything foolhardy, okay?"

"You're the risk taker out of us, dear Dante; I am but the trusted sidekick." She winked as she laughed, the soft tinkling sound making him yearn to taste that laughter in his mouth.

The urge to yield to temptation was strong but he held himself in check, maintaining his role of friend and guardian. Mila deserved so much better than him, and he knew one day that someone would come along and take her from his life. He knew his heart would break on that day but he would let his love go with no hesitation. Her happiness was paramount to him, it usurped all else and always would.